

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS



By Osborne



By Osborne



By Osborne



By Osborne



By Osborne

SMATTER POP—You May Pass This Along



By C. M. PAYNE



By C. M. PAYNE



By C. M. PAYNE



By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE



By S. L. HUNTLEY



By S. L. HUNTLEY



By S. L. HUNTLEY



By S. L. HUNTLEY

FINNEY OF THE FORCE



By Ted O'Loughlin



By Ted O'Loughlin



By Ted O'Loughlin

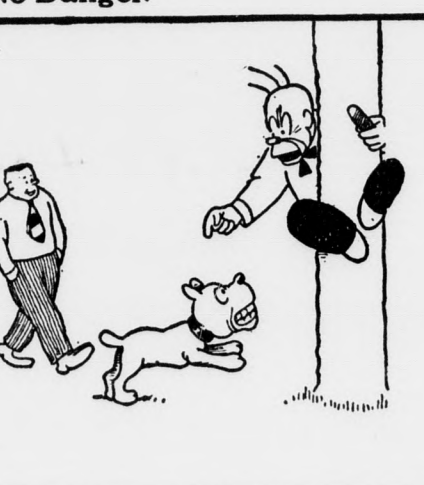


By Ted O'Loughlin

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



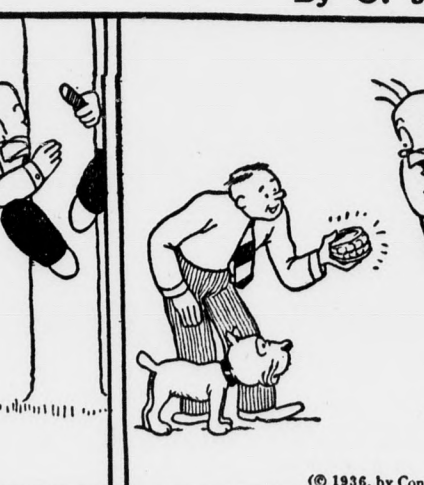
By O. JACOBSSON



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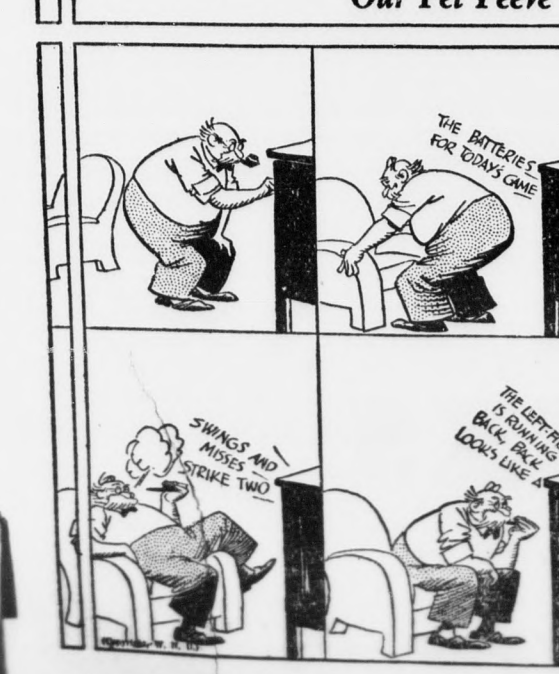


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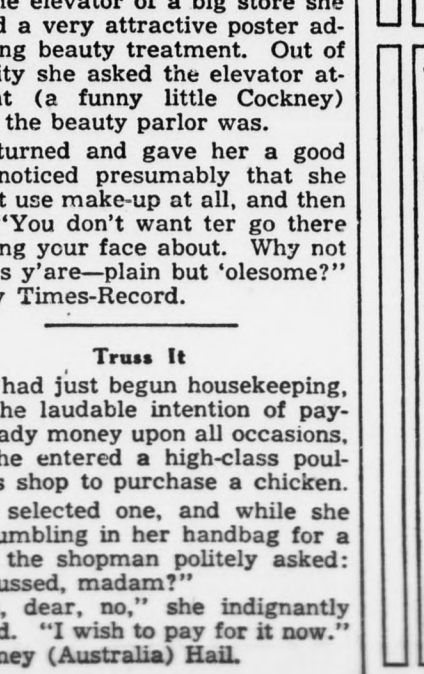
Our Pet Peeve



By GUYAS WILLIAMS



By GUYAS WILLIAMS



By GUYAS WILLIAMS



By GUYAS WILLIAMS

BOY GETTING INTO A TUB



By GUYAS WILLIAMS



By GUYAS WILLIAMS

Smiles and Persons in the Current News



Mr. Hagan



Mr. Scott



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



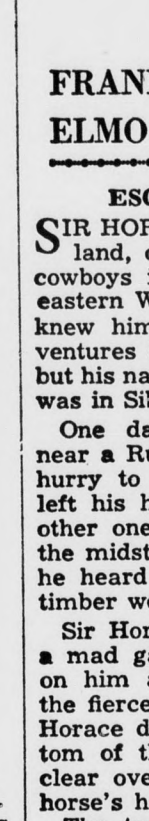
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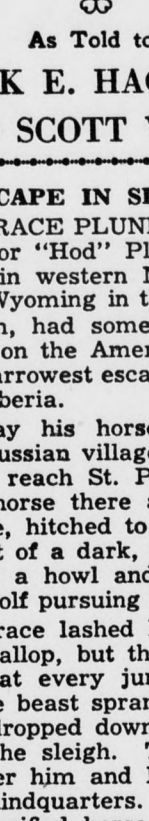
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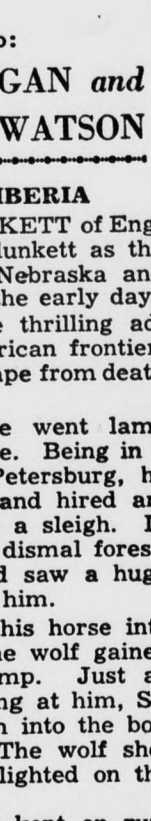
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Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



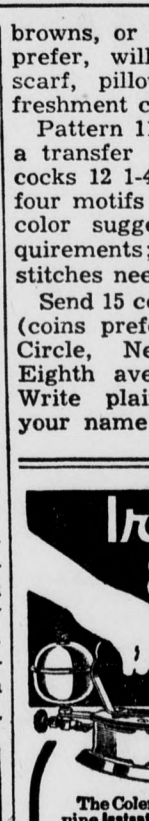
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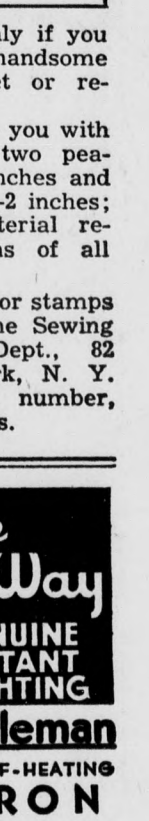
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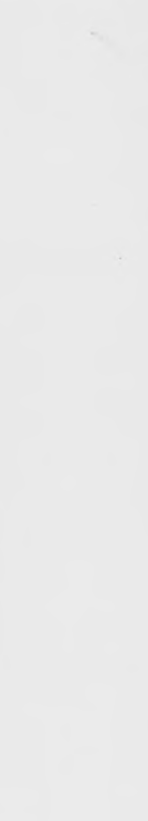
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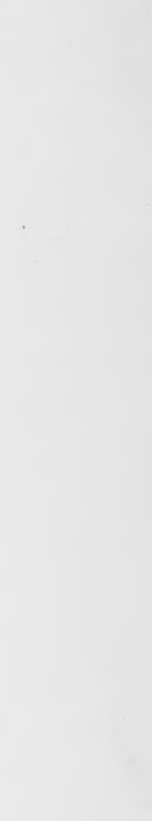
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Mr. Plunkett

Tall Tales

As Told to:
FRANK E. HAGAN and
ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ESCAPE IN SIBERIA

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT of England, or "Hod" Plunkett as the cowboys in western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming in the early days knew him, had some thrilling adventures on the American frontier, but his narrowest escape from death was in Siberia.

One day his horse went lame near a Russian village. Being in a hurry to reach St. Petersburg, he left his horse there and hired another one, hitched to a sleigh. In the midst of a dark, dismal forest, he heard a howl and saw a huge timber wolf pursuing him.

Sir Horace leaped from his horse into a mad gallop, but the wolf gained on him at every jump. Just as the fierce beast sprang at him, Sir Horace dropped down into the bottom of the sleigh. The wolf shot clear over him and landed on the horse's hindquarters.

The terrified horse kept on running even after it was half eaten up. Then Sir Horace sprang up. His whip gave the wolf a terrific cut. With a howl the beast sprang forward just as the horse died and fell out of the harness which dropped on the wolf.

Sir Horace then grabbed up the reins. By lashing at the wolf constantly with his whip he kept it going forward at a terrific pace. A few moments later it raced into a town and came to a plunging halt in front of an inn. Out dashed a group of Russians who killed the wolf and, as Sir Horace stepped out of the sleigh, pressed forward to congratulate him upon his escape.

THE HUMILIATED TEETH

IN SALT LAKE CITY, baseball bugs still refer to Joe Jenkins, their old catcher, as the man who always wore a mask, not because Joe used a mask when catching, but the contraption he wore other times was a little net slung under his chin. It acted as catcher, too—whenever Joe's lower plate of 16 shiny, false teeth, worked loose.

Without dreaming of being insulting, Joe laid the plate aside in a restaurant one night and went on eating. It happened the teeth were on edge; they were so hungry, irritated by his act they rolled to the floor and hid there.

Next day, filled with remorse, the teeth began to hunt Joe. It was a long search, filled with heart breaks. Once the teeth almost caught up with Joe while he was gulping milk toast, missing by snapping distance only.

One afternoon, Salt Lake opposed the Portland Beavers behind, ninth inning, two out and the bases filled. Joe's been in an awful slump and was benched.

At this moment, fortunately for Salt Lake, something resembling a wide smile crawled up the players' bench and bit Jenkins where he carried his eating tobacco. Whopping wildly, Joe leaped seven feet in the air. With his right hand he snapped the prodigal lower plate into his mouth; with the left he reached down for his bat. Joe slammed a home run over the left field fence, winning the game for Salt Lake by a score of 6 to 5.

A RESOURCEFUL COCK

"THIS picture in my living room," said Humming Bird Stevenson of Columbia, Tenn., "is not a reproduction of a freak of nature but a lifelike portrait of Blinky, my one-eyed rooster."

"That smears on the right side of his head is a glass eye. I know it's bloodshot. I painted it that way to make the other cocks overconfident. His neck is a trifle corkscrewish—that's because Blinky, in feinting to overcome the handicap of a single eye, almost wrung his own neck."

"The greatest pitting he won was when a couple of city fellows came to Columbia with their fighting birds and cleaned up."

"In the grand finale, Blinky was matched against the city champion, an Allen round-head, and I bet all I could beg, borrow or steal at odds of 5 to 1. The odds were easy to get, for word was passed to the city slickers that poor Blinky was a one-eyed cock."

"Blinky never showed better pitman. Whenever the round-head struck my pride idolized and put his glass eye in front of the gaffs. After that the round-head's needles were too dull to mend a pair of open-work stockings and the match was in the bag."

Western Newspaper Union.

Home of Seabirds

Venice has been called the "Queen of the Adriatic" and the "Serene Seaport," but its oldest name was the "Sea-Birds' Home." Long before the Huns swept down on Italy there was a small population, the aboriginal Venetians, occupying the estuary, of whom Cassiodorus, secretary of Theodoric the Great, has left us a picture. The Huns drove refugees from Padua, Aquileia and other mainland cities to the lagoons to found a republic among the sea birds.

Thousands at National Glider Meet



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Mr. Plunkett



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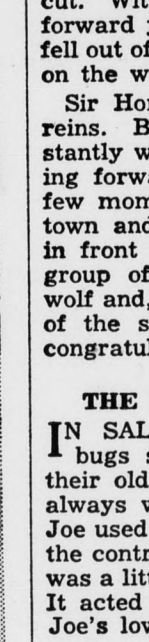
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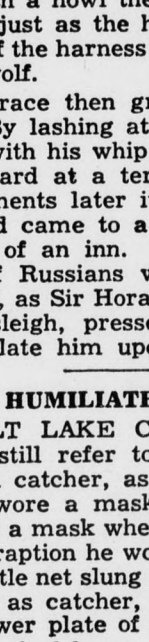
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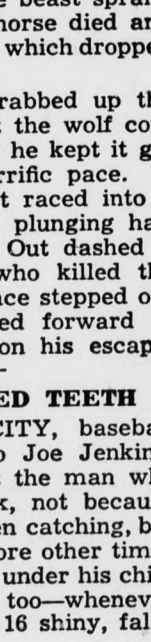
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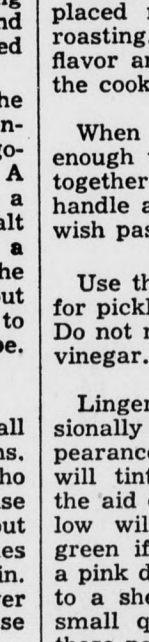
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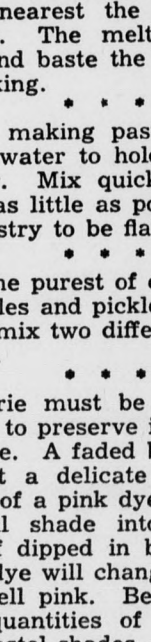
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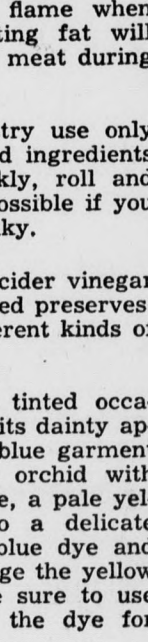
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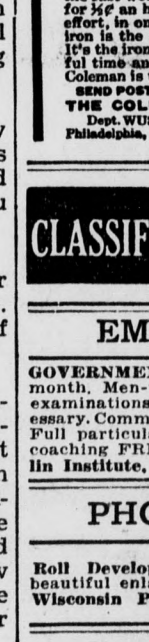
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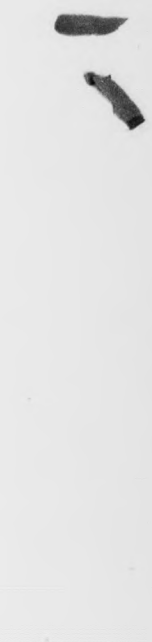
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Clay Court Tennis Champ



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



Mr. Plunkett



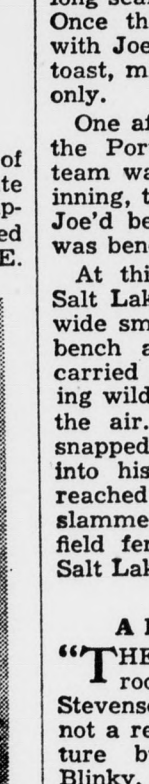
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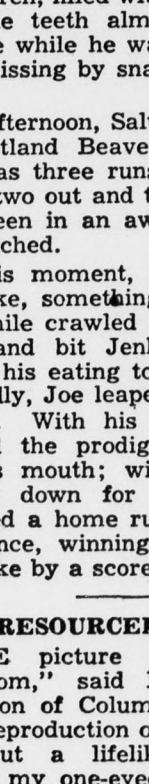
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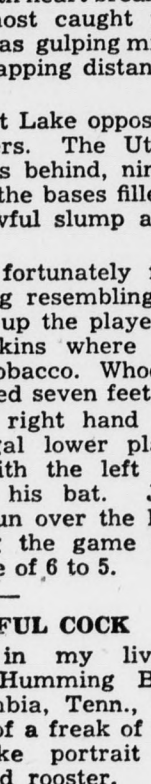
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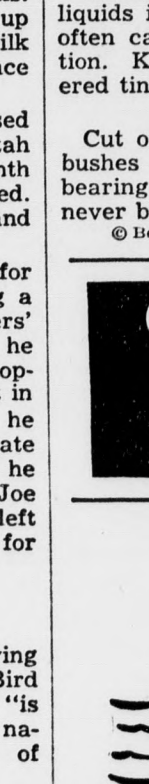
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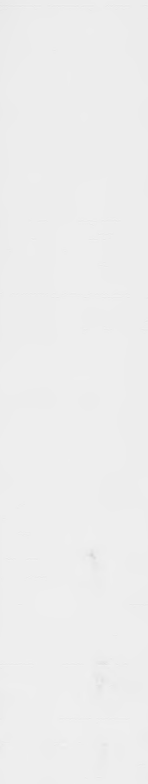
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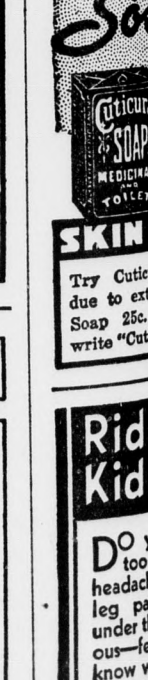


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Rep. William Lemke of North Dakota Seeks Presidency



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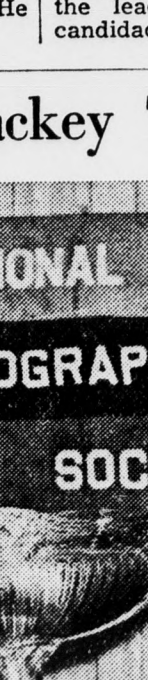
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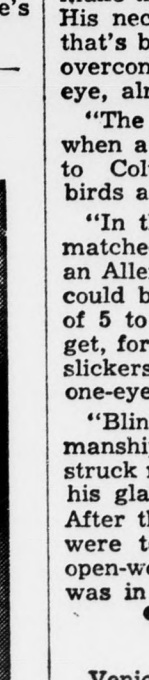
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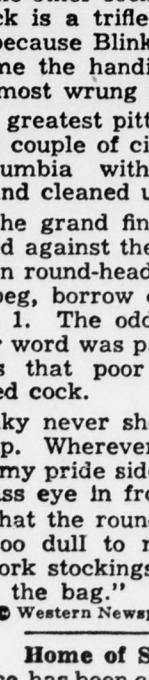
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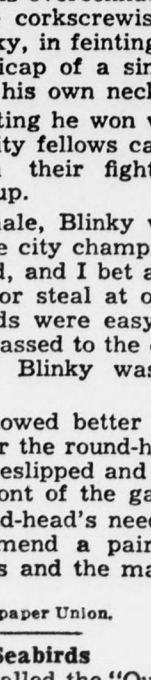
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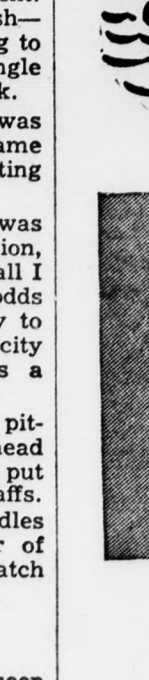
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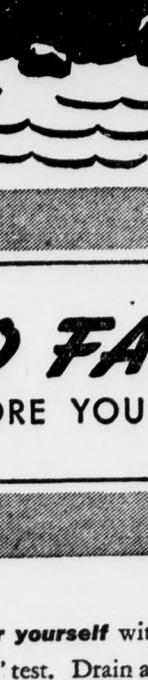
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